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For the Magnolia, The Snow Flake,

By Gustavus Adolphus Lovelace, Gent.

I come! I come! on the wintry breeze,
I spread my robe on the hills and trees;
On the mountain top, on the lowly plain,
My mantle white is thrown again.

I come! for the summer leaves have flown,
The valley claims them for her own,
And the feather'd songsters, all have fled,
And the rose has all its odour shed.

I come! and a thousand faces smile,
And all the lively bells are ringing;
While the startling tale doth an hour beguile,
Since forest birds have ceased their singing.

Now boys and girls away you go,
To the dance or Christmas parties ever;
For you welcome all the approach of snow,
And wish its joys might last forever.

Pine Orchard, Dec. 2, 1833.

From an English publication.

An Escape from the Guillotine.

"Another victim!" I uttered involuntarily, as looking through a window which commanded a view of the principal entrance to the prison, I observed a crowd who, with the shouts of "*pain ou sans*," were dragging some unfortunate man to confinement, preparatory to his final *debut* on the scaffold.

I saw a man cross the street, of whose purpose my heart misgave me. This was an individual named Canve, for whom my brother and me had interested ourselves. He had received numberless favors from us; we had, therefore every reason to dread his enmity.

It was as I conjectured; a few minutes after I remarked his approach in our direction, we were startled by a loud battering at the door.

"Open your door!" thundered the ruffian; "*Je le donnerai les raisons ensuite.*" I of course refused.

"Ah! ah!" he shouted, with a demoniac laugh, "you shall see me return shortly and then—" He did not wait to conclude the sentence but hurried away, evidently with the intention of seeking assistance. When he had departed, I turned towards my sister, who, pale with surprise and fear, stood by me, and requested her to see to the immediate collection of our plate, jewels, and money. This done, we took the boxes in which we had packed them, and carrying them into the wood-cellar, we dropped them into a hole which was fortunately found there, and covering the spot with wood, we returned to wait the threatened return of Canve, and his band of ruffians.

We were fortunate in completing our task, for scarcely had we composed ourselves after our hasty labour, when the door with one blow was shattered to pieces, and in rushed Canve, accompanied by four men, all armed.

"We have come," said Canve, who appeared to act as the leader, "to search your house for a man called *Le Gour*." (The husband of my youngest sister, who was at this moment lying ill at our country seat.) Saying this, and without further remark, they rushed past us.

Expecting that in the course of their search they would visit my chamber, I repaired to it to hide a few little articles which were on my dressing table. As I anticipated, they came to examine my apartment, but as if fatigued with their undertaking, they contented themselves with examining the closets and thrusting their swords through the bed, saying, at the same time, "If he is here this will spare the guillotine a job."

Having completed their survey, they repaired to the drawing-room, seated themselves without any ceremony, and ordered my sister to supply them with some of the best wine.

By this time the poor girl had recovered herself, and indignation took the place of fear. She treated this demand with contemptuous silence, and Canve, started up, I believe, with the intention of striking her. I laid my hand on the pistol which I always carried, but perhaps awed by her firm bearing, he departed, without making any remark, in the direction of the wine-cellar. He returned shortly, loaded with several bottles, having to appearance previously satisfied himself of its quality. Having regaled themselves until they became in a state of beastly intoxication, they left us, having first, out of mere wantonness, destroyed a large quantity of china and glass, which unfortunately lay in their way.

For three days we continued unmolested by any of the revolutionary spirits; at the end of that time we learnt with horror that poor *Le Gour* had fallen into their hands, and would on the following day undergo his trial as a Royalist. The next day came, and the hour was fast approaching appointed for the commencement of the trial.

I had ever remarked that my sister possessed a certain noble-mindedness and contempt of self which had insured her my esteem and affection; but I was yet to learn that she was a heroine. In the present instance she was the only one whose presence of mind remained unshaken. Well knowing the disregard paid to any defence proceeding from the unfortunate individuals whose deplorable fate had brought them before this bloody tribunal, as also the unwillingness evinced by legal characters to undertake it, she determined to perform the part herself. I was astounded at the extraordi-

nary resolution she had formed. A young and beautiful girl, who had hitherto appeared to me timid as a fawn, to array herself in a court of justice—and such a court—in defence of one whom it was a crime to succor. In vain I remonstrated—She was inflexible. She delayed her departure to the last moment, to render her appearance as striking as possible. Probably she thought the power of beauty might effect that which justice might plead for in vain. If so never was beauty applied to nobler purpose. I could not witness the exhibition, and therefore remained at home in an agony of apprehension for the result.

Whether the beauty and eloquence of this fair creature softened the hearts of the microscopists who presided at that dreadful tribunal I know not, but she was successful. The sentence of death which Canve (who formed one of the members of this tribunal) endeavored to have decreed against our relative, was commuted to banishment for life, with three months imprisonment as a kind of preparation.

Morning after morning passed, and regularly as the hour of ten came round did I find my sister at the prison gate an applicant for admission, bearing such luxuries as his prison fare did not afford; and it is with a shudder of horror that I recall to my mind when accompanying her, the sight of blood, warm perhaps from the heart of some victim to private revenge, streaming down the gutter which conveyed it to the Seine.

It was during the performance of one of these morning duties that we remarked a young lady, whom we had known a few months before as the leading star of fashion in Lyons, now walking alone to convey to her husband such consolation as the sight of her would afford. She, as is ever the case, early became surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all envying the look which accidentally she might cast upon any one in particular. Of all these none had so distinguished himself in her eyes (as he thought) as N—, and he industriously circulated rumors that he would shortly receive the hand in marriage, which was the object of general rivalry; and even the day was named when all doubts would be set at rest. Fortune, however, decreed otherwise, and threw in the way a young man whose accomplishments appeared in her eyes to outweigh the pretensions of all others.—His noble countenance interested her, his elegant figure captivated her, and a few weeks saw the charming, the universally admired Annette become the bride of Romeo de Pouilli. Truly might he say with Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici*. "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The deaths this event occasioned must be acknowledged were but few, but the disappointment, I may say, was general; and as N—had at one time possessed happiness through the prospect of winning the prize, and saw now that all hope was perished, his share of disappointment was the largest; and although time seemed to have washed from his mind the memory of his blighted prospects, still to the veteran physiognomist traces were discernable in his treasure of deep and bitter enmity to his successful rival.

Time had passed with this happy pair in a continual round of pleasure until the event took place, which consigned so many of the *elite* of France to the scaffold. De Pouilli and N—were both of the royalist creed; but N—adopted the revolutionary principles to wreak his vengeance on the man, who, as he said, had robbed him of his happiness—they both having been sailors to the reigning beauty of Lyons: the consequence was that De Pouilli immediately became the inmate of a dungeon, there to wait until the moment had arrived the revenge of N—could consign him to the guillotine. On the occasion of her first visit to her husband in prison she had been summoned to attend the wretch who was the source of all her misery in an apartment, the window of which looked out upon the guillotine, where three unfortunate individuals were about to be executed, and addressing her, he said, without any introduction—

"There, feast your eyes upon the scene before you, and consider that ere three days pass, the axe which you now see about to fall on those microscopists, will sever the beautiful neck of your adored."

"Unable to endure the sight, for at the moment he finished, the axe fell upon one of the unfortunate wretches," related Mad. De Pouilli, "I sank to the ground, and on my recovery found him watching over me with a look of anxious tenderness—with my faculties returned my sense of De Pouilli's situation, and I eagerly seized on this moment to endeavor to procure his liberty. As his wife did I sue for him, but in vain—in vain I conjured by every motive calculated to move the breast of man with compassion—all in vain! At last I touched upon the love he so often had professed for me, and named this as an opportunity to prove his sincerity. Hitherto he had gazed upon me with a voidness of countenance, but like oil thrown on fire it revived the slumbering flame of hatred which I had hoped to have subdued."

"Can you," said he, "remind me of those moments, and use them as arguments in *his* favor! Do you suppose that my memory only retains the recollection of my former love, and not the means by which my happiness was blasted? Can I forget that I had a rival—that *that* rival was the high-born, haughty and favored de Pouilli, and that he now lies in prison waiting only my command to die? No, no: do not deceive yourself, but hear the only terms on which he lives. The time is arrived when priestcraft and all its rules are set at naught—freedom for heart and hand is amongst the blessings of the age.—Cope descend to be mine—discard him from your love—and he is free!"

"He uttered this last sentence in a low impressive manner, that I might fully understand his meaning; and when he had concluded, I still continued to gaze upon him, as if bereft of my senses. Whether he thought favorable of my silence, I know not, but relaxing the severity of his countenance, he approached me, and inquired whether I was prepared to purchase my husband's life on such terms. The enquiry aroused me from the state of torpor into which his declaration

had thrown me,—every nerve seemed strung anew,—my voice was changed from that of supplication to that of desperation, as I bitterly reviled him, and rushed from the room, leaving him motionless with surprise." As she finished her relation, she burst into tears, unable any longer to control her feelings, and wringing her hands implored the intercession of heaven in behalf of her husband.

A few mornings after, her husband informed her that N—— had directed him to prepare for execution on the following day. With this terrible information she returned to us, and the scene which took place was truly heart-rending; she tore her hair—beat her breast—called herself her husband's destroyer—and vented curses on the beauty which had murdered him; lastly, throwing herself on her knees before my sister, she implored her to save her husband's life. I shall never forget the astonishment with which I gazed on my sister, as she said calmly—

"I cannot save his life—it is for you to accomplish that." "I!" she cried wistfully, "Oh! if I knew how—tell me—what can I do to save him?"

"Return to N——" replied she collectedly, "and say you consent to his proposal!"

We were positively aghast, and before a word could be said, she continued—"if you will be guided by me, you shall suffer no dishonor. Go to N——, I repeated—say that when your husband has his passport in his hands, and you see him, from his windows if he pleases, parting from death and danger you will resign yourself into his hands!—trust to me for the rest, and now begone." Such an influence had Maria over her weaker friend, that without another word to any one she departed. Half an hour had passed ere she returned; pale and ghastly she entered the apartment, and sought by a flood of tears to ease her over-burdened heart.

The morning came, and after a long interview with my sister, during which I was not present, she departed with a kind of cheerfulness, that raised suspicions in my mind of her sanity. I watched her from the window that overlooked the prison, until she entered the gate, and when it closed upon her I thought it would be for ever!

Three months after, we were the inhabitants of another soil, refugees from our country sharing the same roof with those whose sufferings had endeared them to us—these were M. and Madame de Pouilli—the story of their escape is short.

On the morning of her departure to the prison, after her interview with my sister, who gave her advice as to the only course left her, she visited the monster N——, who was highly pleased at her unexpected compliance, and every thing was done as she dictated. Night saw her husband with his passport in a post carriage on the road to England, and in a few hours his wife joined him—he having by a preconcerted understanding, waited for her on the road.

The next morning spread the news of N—— having been found stabbed in his apartment, by some unknown hand; my sister's advice—secret advice—was no longer a mystery!

Mr. Galt.

The following stanzas, written by the late Mr. G. in allusion to his own melancholy situation, are touching in the extreme:

Helpless, forgotten, sad, and lame,
On one foot seat the live-long day,
I muse of youth and dreams of fame,
And hopes and wishes all away.

No more to me, with carol gay,
Shall mountain lark from pasture rise,
Nor breezes bland on upland play,
Nor far fair scenes my steps entice.

Ah! never more beneath the skies
The winged heart shall glowing soar,
Nor e'er be reached the goal or prize—
The spell of life enchain no more.

The burning thought, the hoding sigh,
The grief unshared, the cold men feel,
The languid limbs that withering lie,
The powerless will's effectual seal;
All these are mine, and Heaven bestows
The gifts, but still I find them woe.

Reforming a Wife.

Mynheer Van der——, who in 1796 lived in high style on the Keizer Gragat, in Amsterdam had a very modest wife who dressed most extravagantly, played high, gave expensive routs, and showed every disposition to squander money quite as fast as her husband gained it. She was young handsome, vain and giddy, and completely the slave of fashion. Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruined by her unfeeling folly and dissipation; he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was of no more use than his own. Next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant and fascinating wife of the rich Van der——. Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined her health and reputation, and her husband, by the advice of her friend M——r determined to send her for six months to a *Verbatering Huizen*, or house for Reformation of Manners, such as is to be found in most of the towns of Holland. With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proof of her wasteful extravagance and incorrigible levity added to which she had recently attached herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under an imputation of being remarkably expert in levying contributions. She was already in debt upwards of thirty thousand florines to tradesmen, although her husband allowed her to take from his cashier a stipulated sum every month, which was more than competent to meet the current expenses of his household, while to meet a loss which occurred in play her finest jewels were deposited in the hands of a prudent money lender who accommodated her necessities, upon unexceptionable security being previously left in his custody.

Her husband was full twenty years older than his volatile wife, of whom he was rationally fond, and at whose reformation he aimed, before she should be carried too far

away by the stream of fashionable dissipation.

Against his will, she had agreed to make one of a party of ladies who were invited to a grand ball and supper at the house of a woman of rank and faded character. Her husband at breakfast told her she must change her course of life, or her extravagance would make him a bankrupt, and her children beggars.—She began her usual playful way of answer, saying, "She certainly had been little too thoughtless, and would soon commence a thorough reformation." "You must begin to-day," said the husband, "and as a proof of your sincerity I entreat you to drop the company of ———, and to spend the evening at home with me and your children." "Quite impossible my dear man," said the modest wife in reply, "I have given my word and cannot break it." "Then" said her husband, "if you go out this day dressed to meet that party, remember for the next six months these doors will be barred against your return; are you still resolved to go?" "Yes," said the indignant lady, "if they were to be forever barred against me!"

Without either anger or malice, Myhnér Van der ———, told her "not to deceive herself for as certain as that was her determination, so sure would she find his foretelling verified." She told him "if nothing else had power to induce her to go, it would be his menaces." With this they parted, the husband to prepare the penitentiary chamber for his giddy young wife, and the latter to eclipse every rival at the ball that evening.

To afford her a last chance of avoiding an ignominy which it pained him to inflict, he went once more to try to wean her from her imprudent course, and propitied to set off that evening for Zutphen, where her mother dwelt, but he found her sullen, and busied with milliners and dressers, and all the paraphernalia of splendid attire.

At the appointed hour the coach drove to the door, and the beautiful woman (full dressed or rather undressed) tripped gaily down stairs, and stepping lightly into the coach, told the driver to stop at ———, on the Keizer Gragt. It was then dark, and she was a little surprised to find the coach had passed one of the city gates; the sound of a clock awoke her as from a dream. She pulled the check string, but the driver kept on; she then called out, when some one behind the coach, told her in a suppressed voice, that "she was a prisoner, and must be still!" The shock was severe; she trembled in every limb, and was near fainting with terror and alarm, when the coach entered the gates of a Verbatening Huizen, where she was doomed to take up her residence. The matron of the house a grave, severe, yet well bred person, opened the door, and calling the lady by her name, requested her to alight. "Where am I? I beseech you tell me and why have I brought here?" "You will be informed of every thing madam, if you will please to walk in doors." "Where is my husband?" said she in wild affright, "sure he will not let me be murdered?" "It was your husband who drove you hither, he is now upon the coach-

box?" This intelligence was convulsive; all her assurance forsook her, she submitted to be conducted into the house and sat pale, mute and trembling, her face and dress exhibiting the most striking contrast. The husband deeply affected, first spoke. He told, her that he had no other means to save her from ruin, and he trusted the remedy would be effectual, and when she quitted that retreat, she would be worthy of his esteem."

She then assayed by the humblest protestations, by tears and entreaties, to be permitted to return, and vowed "that never more while she lived, would she offend him. Save me, (said she,) the mortification of this punishment, and my future conduct shall prove the sincerity of my reformation." Not to let her off so soon, she was shown her destined apartment and dress, the rules of the house, and the order of her confinement during six months! She was completely overpowered with terror and fell senseless on the floor.—When she recovered, she found her husband chafing her temples, and expressing the utmost anxiety for her safety. "I have been unworthy of your affection," said the fair penitent "but spare me this ignominious fate, take me back to your home; and never more shall you have cause to reproach me." Her husband, who loved her with unabated affection, notwithstanding all her levity, at last relented, and the same coach drove her back to her home, where not one of the domestics (a trusty man servant excepted) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment, she dropped on her knee and implored his pardon, told him the extent of all her debts, begged him to take her to Zutphen for a few weeks; and promised so to reduce her expensiture, as to make good the sum she had so inconsiderately thrown away.

Allowing for the excessive terror she felt when instead of being driven to ———'s rout she was proceeding round the ramparts outside the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day abandoned her former career of dissipated folly, and became all that her husband desired, a good wife, and an affectionate mother.

HOW TO GET A TIGHT RING OFF A FINGER.—Thread a needle flat in the eye with strong thread—pass the head of the needle with care, under the ring, and pull the thread through a few inches towards the end; wrap the long end of the thread tightly round the finger, regularly, all down to the nails to reduce its size. Then lay hold of the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing against the ring will gradually remove it from the finger. This never failing method will remove the tightest ring without difficulty, however swollen the finger may be.—*Liverpool Times*

A law in England, requires that the boilers of steamboats shall be tested quarterly at three times the strength they are licensed to use—hence we hear of no accidents.

Sir Roger de Calverley's Ghost.

Your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us.

—This thing of darkness
I acknowledge mine.—*The Tempest.*

The little village of Calverly, about six miles from the town of Leeds, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque that can be found in the west riding of Yorkshire. The whole of the riding may indeed, challenge competition, for the richness and variety of its scenery, with any place of similar extent in the kingdom; and, among the many charming spots which it contains, Calverly is entitled to the pre-eminence. The road from Leeds to this village is pretty, even now; but, at the time to which this tale relates, it was infinitely more so. Calverly wood, which the necessities of subsequent proprietors have reduced to very modest dimensions, extended in the seventeenth century for nearly four miles towards the town of Leeds. The river Aire ran through a part of it, and bounded its extremity, where a large wooden bridge was thrown over it.

There is not a child (not to say an old woman) in the neighborhood but knows—and, if you should doubt the fact, will swear—that this wood is haunted by the ghost of Sir Roger de Calverley, who was pressed to death in the reign of Edward IV. in consequence of his refusing to plead to an indictment against him for murdering two of his children. Some of what lawyers call the “ancient people” have even seen the ghost with their own proper eyes, and all the inhabitants know somebody who has seen it. The story goes, besides, that the hours of the spectre’s appearance are between twelve and one o’clock at midnight; and that he will leap behind the traveller as he passes through the wood, and ride on the horse’s crupper to the next running stream.

That the ghost did once appear, and not in the odd manner here imputed to him, cannot be doubted; because the facts, as they are detailed in the following history, are as true as any story that ever was told.

The whole of the domain on which the village of Calverly now stands, and the wood just mentioned, as well as a noble mansion called Calverley House, the very ruins of which have disappeared, were in the beginning of the civil wars the property of the Vavasour family.—Soon after the commencement of the troubles, Sir Ralph Vavasour died, and left the honors and the estates of his ancient house to be supported by his only son.

Sir Edward Vavasour was of a temper wholly unsuited for the times in which it was his lot to live. He had availed himself of all the advantages which his rank and fortune afforded him; and, after being carefully educated at home, had passed several years in France with his maternal relations, who were of one of the first families in that country. His mind was highly cultivated, and all his habits were of that polished and refined kind which can only be acquired by a residence in courts, and the society of enlightened and noble persons. On his return to England he was soon acknowledged to be among the chief ornaments of the

British nobility. The king distinguished him by his favor; and the winning suavity of the youthful baronet’s manners, added to his accomplishments and personal advantages, made him an universal favorite with the inhabitants of the court.

He had married, shortly before his father’s death, the Lady Margaret Butler, a distant relation of the Earl of Newcastle; and this union cemented that intimate friendship which a congeniality of taste had already formed between Sir Edward and that gallant nobleman.

The state of the times obliged him to retire to Yorkshire, as well to take possession of his paternal estates as to repress by his presence some of the disorders which were beginning to manifest themselves. The influence which a landlord then possessed over his tenantry could not be loosened by any very sudden process, because it was the consequence of numerous and almost paternal kindness on the part of the superior, which the inferiors duly appreciated; and it was then no less the desire than it must always be in the interest of both parties to support each other. Owing to this feeling on the part of his tenants, the district in which Sir Edward resided, was comparatively tranquil; and he remained at Calverley for some years, a quiet but not an indifferent spectator of the events which took place, and without finding any occasion to take an active part in the contest, which raged around without reaching him.

The pernicious contagion of example did, at length, however, reach Calverley; and Sir Edward saw with great pain that he had no alternative but to take up arms against the parliamentary power, whose object, (however just might be the pretences on which they had set out,) now seemed to be the establishment of a tyranny at least as hateful as that of the worst kings. Sir Edward was full of that true and fervent courage which springs from a perfect rectitude of principle and reason, but he was nevertheless reluctant, to become a soldier. After the description which has been given of his character, it will be seen that fear (a sensation to which, indeed, he was a total stranger) had no share in causing this disinclination, but it was induced, because he felt he could be more usefully, if not more honorably, employed than in making war; and because nothing but the most stern and unyielding necessity could justify the shedding of blood in such a cause as that which now divided the kingdom, and had broken asunder the most holy and kindly bonds of humanity and of society. Driven, however, to adopt a course which he regretted, he was no sooner convinced that it was at once imperative and inevitable, than he proceeded to enter upon it with the utmost alacrity. He raised a troop of his own tenantry, and taking an affectionate leave of his mother, of his beautiful young wife, and of two lovely children, who had been added to crown his matrimonial felicity he placed himself at the head of his retainers, and joined the standard of his friend, who was now the Marquis of Newcastle.

His activity and skill were of the greatest service to the royal cause, and had the effect

of exposing him in proportion to the hatred of the opposite faction. Military rank was offered to him repeatedly, and was as often refused without the least hesitation. His reply to the king himself, and to his friend the marquis, was always the same. He had joined the army because he felt it was his duty to support the state, which he saw in danger. The post of a mere volunteer afforded him as good an opportunity of discharging his duty; as he could look for in a much higher rank, and he felt that a simple command was most consistent with his character as a country gentleman. There were, beside, a sufficient number of aspirants for promotion; and he might, perhaps, have thought that his openly declining to increase the number, would teach some of them to moderate their pretensions; but, although he had no other command than that of captain of his own company, his achievements had been of such a nature as to attract the attention of the enemy no less than of his own party. In the northern counties of England his name was well known; and great as was the reputation of the Marquis of Newcastle's forces, he was confessed on all hands to be one of its chief ornaments.

Up to the period of the battle of Marston Moor the cause of the king seemed in a prosperous condition. The event of that conflict, however, gave a blow to the royal interests which they never afterwards recovered. Prince Rupert not only insisted upon giving the enemy battle, contrary to the opinion and advice of the Marquis of Newcastle; but he persisted in so ungracious a manner, and so entirely took the command out of the hands of the marquis, that even if the issue had been less disastrous than it was, the latter nobleman never could again have endured to bear arms in a cause which should place him under the orders of the rash German prince.

It is not necessary to detail the course of that unlucky fight, which after seeming to incline in favor of either side, at length terminated in the total defeat of the king's troops. It is well known that, notwithstanding the discontent for which the Marquis of Newcastle had so much cause, he, and the force under his command, signalized themselves by deeds of the most determined valor; that they bore the whole weight of the enemy's attack; that they more than once turned the tide of the battle; and that, if they had been allowed to follow up the advantages which they had gained, the defeat of the parliamentary forces would have been certain and signal. The rashness of Prince Rupert led him into an absurd pursuit of one division of the enemy; while his envy of the marquis's superior abilities forbade his surrendering to him any part of the direction of the battle. The consequence was that the close of the day found the much larger part of the king's troops irretrievably beaten; and Prince Rupert then retreated with his horse, and such of the infantry as chose to follow him within the walls of the city of York. The dead bodies of the Marquis of Newcastle's regiments marked the position which they had taken up in the beginning of the fight, and from which death in its most overwhelming shape had not been able to force them.

The Marquis of Newcastle, his staff, and a few of his officers, who, being well mounted, were able to accompany him, retreated also to York when the face of the fight had become so desperate, that to stay any longer was wholly unavailing. Sir Edward Vavasour fell early in the action; the most painful search was made for his body on the following day, by the orders of the Marquis of Newcastle, but in vain. A few days afterwards some of his servants were sent by his mother, who had influence enough to obtain permission of the parliamentary commander for this purpose; but their endeavors to discover their master amidst the disfigured slain were equally fruitless.

Besides the mischief, which a discomfiture like the loss of such a fight as this must always occasion to the cause of the party upon which it falls, the secession of the Marquis of Newcastle was no less injurious to the king. The Marquis, very soon after the battle, expressed his intention of quitting a country, which, he said, he was convinced he could not save, but which he still loved too well to witness its falling a prey to the ruin which must necessarily ensue. He withdrew with the small number of his adherents who remained; and, escorted by a single troop of horse, he went to Scarborough, where he embarked on board a ship of his own, and sailed for Hamburg.

The affliction of the family at Calverley may be better imagined than described at the news of the defeat at Marston Moor, and the death of Sir Edward. All the ordinary forms of mourning were adopted; search was made, as we have already said, for the body of the baronet; and this proving unsuccessful, the old Lady Vavasour, who was a woman of uncommon energy, and whose conduct had secured for her the respect even of such of her neighbors as had espoused the opposite party, procured, without much difficulty, permission for herself, her daughter-in-law, the children, and her servants, to repair to Hull, where she had engaged a vessel to carry her to France, her native country.

It now becomes necessary to impart a secret, which, if the Roundheads had been acquainted with, would have thwarted the dowager lady's plans, and somewhat have frustrated the events of this history. Sir Edward Vavasour was not dead. It is true that he had fallen at Marston; and it is no less true that nothing would have induced him to quit the field alive, if he had been in a situation to act for himself.

At the moment, however, that he fell, a gentleman who was devotedly attached to him, and who had always an unlucky habit of interfering in the concerns of other people, happened to be close by him. This was Sir William D'Avenant, who, from having been, in the "piping times of peace," merely an idle courtier and poet, had now become a soldier of some renown; and, being an adherent and retainer of the Marquis, he was intrusted with a nominally important command, which somebody else executed for him. He loved Sir Edward with the warmest and most disinterested affection; they were sworn broths.

er: in their less busy times they had capped verses at court, and once clabbed a masque at a royal entertainment. The knight's duty ought to have kept him in York on that day: but his busy propensities led him to Mirston Moor; and when there, his inclination induced him to fight near Sir Edward Vavasour.

Sir William's courage was of a companionable quality; he could never fight until some one would set him the example: by himself, he said, he felt like one line in a couplet, in want of another to rhyme with. He confessed he was so indolent, that upon some occasions, he would rather be kicked than fight singlehanded; yet, such was the sociability of his temper, that side by side with a real fighting man, he would lay on like one of the Knights of the Round Table. He had been mauling all the parliamentarians who came within his reach with true poetical fervor, bestowing along with each blow some quaint imprecation or odd nick-name upon his adversary, to the great amusement of the soldiers near him, with all of whom he was a great favorite. Not one of the rogues that he smote but he had a jest or a sarcasm for; and he had been cracking skulls and jokes until his strength and his wit were considerably impaired. The conviction that the day was decidedly going against his party came at the same moment that he found himself making a short blow and a bad pun. At this instant, too, he saw his friend Sir Edward go down from a blow dealt to him by a rawboned butcher of Tadcaster, who was a captain in the parliamentary army.

"Kneave!" he cried, as he spurred his horse against this ruffian, "thou shalt no more shed the blood of man nor of beast!" and rising in his stirrups, he cleft the savage giant's head nearly asunder, and brought him down to the ground.

"Thus," he continued, "do I revenge my friend, and maul a score of honest sheep and oxen."

At this moment a vigorous charge drove back the enemy; and Sir William, whose courage, now that his friend was not able to back it with his example, began to flag, and like Acres' "to ooze out at his fingers' ends," though it was an admirable opportunity to return to York, and to carry the prostrate Sir Edward with him, where his wounds might be tended, if, indeed (which he very much doubted) medical skill could avail them.

With the assistance of an old soldier, of whose life this was the last kind action, (for a random shot from a Roundhead blacksmith's petronel sent him soon afterwards into the kingdom of the ghosts,) he placed Sir Edward, now nearly insensible, before him on his horse, and set off at a round pace towards York. He soon found, however, that it was hopeless to attempt to reach the city, for a party of the enemy's horse lay before him. To his still greater mortification he saw that he was observed by them: turning, therefore, his horse's head round, he spurred without sparing, and fairly fled away, not knowing or caring whither, so that he might distance them.

In this he succeeded, for the foes were at

that moment much too busily employed to think of pursuing him very far. He proved on this occasion the truth of his favorite saying, that his greatest talent consisted in running away; and, after half an hour's riding, he had completely disarmed the soldiers who endeavored to take him, and had blown his horse. Night was now drawing in, he alighted from the charger, and, loosening his girths, he asked Sir Edward what he thought would be best to do?

The baronet was too much exhausted with the pain of his wounds and the loss of blood to answer at any length; but he contrived to express his opinion, that, if by any means they could reach Calverley, it would be better to do so, since all hopes of returning to York were out off.

"Zounds!" cried the knight, "that's easier talked of than done, my dear Sir Edward.—Poor Hamlet, here, whom I so named in honor of my godfather, Shakespeare, and because his black hide looks in as deep mourning as the Danish prince's suit of blacks, is howling like a smith's forge." "What sayest thou, lad?" he continued, apostrophizing the steed, and patting his neck, "canst thou carry us a dozen miles before suppertime? Thou'lt try, I warrant."

He walked by the horse's side for some time, until the animal had pretty well recovered his wind; and, then mounting him again, they proceeded at a sharp pace by a cross road, which Sir Edward was able to describe to his companion, in the direction of Calverley. Within about five miles of Calverley, Sir William perceived a man before him, mounted on a stout gelding. To meet him he knew was dangerous; but to pass him without doing so might engender suspicion, which could scarcely be less injurious in his present condition. He therefore boldly rode up, and civilly saluted him.

"Whither goest thou, friend?" asked the stranger, in the snuffing tone adopted by the puritans of that day.

Sir William found that the stranger, though not drunk, was what is courteously called "rather disguised in liquor," he also knew instantly of what description of person he must be, and that he had every thing to fear from him if he should discover who he was. He therefore replied that he was a clothier going to Leeds, and that his com, anion, who rode before him, had been thrown from his horse, and was so much hurt that he could not keep his saddle without assistance.

"Art thou a friend to the cause?" asked the stranger.

"With all my heart," replied Sir William; although he was quite sure that the stranger spoke of a very different cause from that to which he meant his own equivocal answer to reply.

"Thou hast a passport from Sir Edward Fairfax, then, to travel this road?" said the stranger.

"I have," replied Sir William, to whom a round lie never cost an effort; and who, as far as his invention could stretch, was never without a passport.

"I have authority to inspect it," said the

stranger; and, when we come nigh unto the house of reception, called by the ungodly the Fighting Cocks, about a mile hence, thou shalt produce it before me, that mine eyes may see the truth of thy ways."

"Willingly," said Sir William; "but I prithe, sir, tell me who it is that this dark night has brought me acquainted with?"

"I am Ananias Fats," replied the other, "an unworthy servant of the Lord; I minister the word of the Most High, and fight his battles with the arm of flesh when need is, seeing that I am, besides, a captain of Hewson's regiment."

"We must cut his throat," whispered Sir William to his companion. Art thou that holy man," he added aloud, and with a conventicle twang—"art thou he, whose pious exhortations do arouse the lost people, and whose speech stirs up their sleeping zeal even as the trumpet rouseth the war-horse?"

"Yes, verily, I am that unworthy vessel," replied Brothe Fats.

"And how do thy labors prosper?" asked Sir William in a similar tone. "Do the people of this land hearken unto thy counsel, and give ear to thy pious inspirations?"

"Deaf! deaf!" replied the other, who thought he had fallen in with one of his own stamp. "Were it not the arm of flesh is strong and that I can smite those who will not be persuaded, this place would be little better than a howling wilderness. Lo! there are many who shut their ears and close their understanding against the counsel of my lips."

"Ignorant and deluded people! But they are of the baser and more brutish class, I must believe."

"Not always, for there is a stiff-necked generation even among those who have horses and chariots, and whose treasures are filled with silver and brass."

"Alas! alas! who are such blind and deaf wretches? who are they that, like the adder, are deaf to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely?"

"There be many such, my brother; and, among others, there is the malignant Lady Vavasour." Here Sir Edward made an impatient movement, which D'Avenant repressed. "I am now," continued the Puritan, "on my road, to try once more if I can open her eyes to the sinfulness of her ways, and prevail upon her to bring back to his duty her wilful son, who has taken up arms for the man whom he calls king."

"Here's a crop-eared villain!" whispered D'Avenant. "But how," he pursued aloud, "do you gain admission to her ladyship?"

"The Parliament's arms are too strong to break denial, and I have their authority for what I do; so that, albeit her ladyship loveth not the holy ones, I do, nevertheless, pur-pose to sojourn beneath her roof for many days. It is, as I have been told by Brother Goggle, a goodly dwelling; and the cook is a man cunning in his art, and much skilled in the science of the flesh-pots of Egypt. I shall tarry there, for it is the duty of the saints to feed upon the substance of the un-righteous."

While the communicative Ananias under the influence of certain potations of ale, was

telling his new acquaintance what he meant to do, the latter held a short colloquy in whispers with the baronet. The result of their conference was very soon put into practice. Sir William pulled up his horse, and alighted under the pretence that he had cast a shoe.—Ananias checked his beast also; and, before he had time to say a word, he found himself unhorsed and prostrate, with his false friend's knee on his breast, and his pistol at his throat.

"If you speak or stir, you Roundhead villain," cried Sir William, "this moment is your last. Now, where is the commission you told me of?"

Ananias was one of these amiable men who are never fond of fighting although they often talk of it; and he was not so drunk but that he knew two men against one were odds, particularly when the one man is on the broad of his back, with a loaded pistol only half an inch from his throat.

"Spare my life, gentle cavalier," said the prostrate Puritan. "Let me live, and you shall have all I possess."

"If you had as many lives as are in Plutarch, I would not spare one of them unless, in the first place, you give me the commission," repeated Sir William. "Where is it thou wicked Ananias?"

"In my saddle bags," replied Ananias.

"Clap them on our horse, Sir Edward," said the knight to his companion, who, notwithstanding his weakness, had alighted, and now immediately transferred the bags to Hamlet's back.

"And now," said Sir William to the Puritan, "if I shall spare thy forfeit life, and give thee another chance with the old one to save thy soul, wilt thou take thyself away from this neighborhood? for I swear to thee, upon the word of one that hates all Puritans as much as he hates the great devil, who is the father of them and thee, that, if thou art found within thirty miles of this place for the next month, I will spoil thy exhortations for ever. Dost thou promise to obey?"

"Yes, verily, I do, perforce."

"And without any of these cozening double-meaning reservations for which thy brotherhood have become so famous?"

"So thou wilt spare my life, I promise," said the elder.

"Why, then, I think I will spare thee, not for any love of thee, but because I hate the blood of all thy race, so much that I would not even let it out when I can avoid it. But give me thy sword," he said, as he loosened the sword-belt of the elder, and handed the weapon to Sir Edward, "and I think, too," he added, "I will have thee change clothes with me."

He loosed his grasp a little, and helped the Roundhead to rise, but still kept his pistol near enough to make an impression on him.

"Now, then," he said, "unbuck, and speedily! 'Tis a naughty night to swim in,' but thou must strip. Be quick, Ananias, thou wert never before honored with such a *salet de chambre*. Come, thy cloak and band and the rest of the sheep's clothing in which,

thou dost enconce thy wolf's body. Come quickly!" and he added a blow with the flat side of his sword to quicken the tardy operations of the elder, who, with many wry faces and great reluctance, did his bidding.

Sir William then transferred his pistol to Sir Edward, with a particular request that, if the Puritan evinced the least symptoms of treachery or refractoriness, he would be so obliging as to shoot him through the head without hesitation or ceremony.

Sir Edward promised; and the knight stripped off his own uniform with great despatch, making Ananias put it on, while he assumed his garb.

When the exchange was completed, Sir William pinioned Ananias' arms, and helped him upon his horse; after which he tied his legs very effectually beneath the animal's belly.

He then went to the road side, and cutting up a stout thistle, he carefully tied it under the tail of the elder's steed.

"There," he said, "Ananias; as I have prevented thee from smiting thy charger's sides with thy spurs, I have provided for thy rapid journey by putting a goad to his tail; and, as the beast looks to have mettle, I warrant that he will not slaken his pace."

As he finished speaking, he gave the horse a smart blow, at which he set off in a gallop; and the incessant motion of the thistle, which at every bound stuck against his flanks, soon increased his pace, to the terror of Ananias, who went off like Mazeppa on his wild horse.

"Away! away! and on they dash—
Terrors less rapid and less rash!"

The elder's journey was not very long: the horse, maddened by the constant stinging in his rear, kept on with unabated speed until he reached a *vidette* of the parliamentary army, placed about ten miles short of York. The horse, attracted by the light of the soldier's fire, bounded towards it: the guards, seeing a man in the royal uniform riding up to them, betook themselves to their arms; and, before Ananias, who was breathless with fright, could make himself understood, he was shot through the head by a particular friend and townsman of his own, Tribulation Holdfast, who had quitted his trade of a cobbler to become a corporal in Cromwell's regiment. Ananias and he had been companions in wickedness from their boyhood upward, and had both taken to the thriving trade of hypocrisy just at that time when every body who knew them predicted that the gallows must be their inevitable fate. They had both been poachers and deer-stealers; Tribulation had a habit of squinting, and was always reckoned a crack shot by night, or at other improper and unseasonable times; but his skill was never advantageous to the rest of the world, excepting on this occasion. When he examined, by the fire-light, the face of his prey, he was astonished to find his old friend Ananias, and still more so to see him bound hand and foot, in the uniform of the Marquis of Newcastle's regiment. He was however, sure that there was a mistake in some quarter or other; and, to put an end to any needless inquiries, which might turn out unpleasant for himself,

he, with the assistance of his comrades, dug a hasty grave, in which the carcass and the memory of Ananias Fats were buried together.

Sir William D'Avenant knew nothing—and, if he had, he would have cared as little about the rogue he had thus sent headlong to meet his fate. Sir Edward—who, faint and exhausted as he was, had not been able to refrain from laughter at the manner in which D'Avenant had stripped the Puritan, and then dismissed him—now asked his friend what he purposed doing?

"I do intend, with your honor's permission," he replied, "to present myself at Calverley Hall, in the venerable character of Ananias Fats. It would be something dangerous, as well to the good ladies there as to our own insignificant throats, to appear in our proper persons, at this juncture; I propose, therefore, to go first, and sound the place; after which I will return to you, and effect your entry. Do you approve of this?"

"Do as you will—your ingenuity and discretion are the best qualities in the world to rely upon in danger; and, just now, I am really so much exhausted that I am wholly incapable of any exertion."

"No matter, gentle cavalier; I will personate this zealous brother as to the life, that, if you could see me, you would be fain to cry out, with Falstaff's hostess, 'O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.'"

"I believe," he continued, as they rode onwards, that I was born under an acting planet: the theatre seems to be my destiny; and unless these pious Puritans should succeed in rooting out, as they threaten to do, the drama from this nation, I believe I shall take up with poetry, and the stage at last. All this comes of having a dramatist for my godfather: if any other than gentle Will Shakespeare had held me over the font, I might have escaped so beggarly a lot; but hang care! I would not exchange such sponsor for a better—even if the world ever saw a better, which I doubt.

They now approached Calverley Hall, and, by Sir Edward's directions, rode through the park to a small summer-house, which stood at the end of the garden. Here the poet assisted his friend to alight; and, having bestowed him safely upon a couch, he turned his horse into the carriage road, and trotted up at a smart pace to the great entrance. After rapping for some time with the butt-end of his pistol at the door, he heard steps proceeding along the spacious hall; and upon some words a small wicket in the door was opened, and he saw the white head of old Gartruss, the butler, peeping through it.

"How now? who knocks here at this time o'night?" was asked from within.

"Verily, one of the brethren, who seeketh to commune with the Lady Favour," replied the knight, in the tone of the character he had assumed.

"Then, my brother, you must come to-morrow," replied the servant, with an ill-tempered scorn, which raised him highly in Sir William's opinion. "My lady sees neither brother nor sister to-night."

"Man, thou art unwary," said Sir William;

"I have General Fairfax's commission to enter this dwelling."

"This is not General Fairfax's house, but my master's, Sir Edward Vavasour; and, unless you have his commission you enter not here." A good deal of grumbling about "crop-eyed canting thieves" followed, which was not quite distinct.

"Do you then resist? and must I use force?"

"You must do just as you like, only I tell you that I have a firelock here; and Ralph, the gardener, has gotten another, which he'll fire from the other side of the house when he hears mine; and, this pitch dark night, we can neither of us tell one o' the brethren, as you call yourself, from a housebreaker; so, unless thy hide be bullet-proof, 'ware making any disturbance here."

(Concluded in our next.)

The Farewell to Earth.

By Lady E. S. Norton.

Must, must I die? leave all I've lived or known,
Forsake all cherishes, and dream'd my own,
This sun-bright world, this laughing air and sky,
This blessed home of love; must, must I die!
O! he-utful has life seemed unto me,
Death—hence! away! thou ghastly mystery!

Youth's flashing characters o'er paint my cheek,
Round my bright path the glittering moments break
In sudden star showers, or soft vernal dews,
Till life but seems the rose's ephemeral hue;
My heart is borne on gusts of quivering joy,—
Must face its ferid happiness destroy!

A power is given to wood and breezy hill,
My soul with gushing music runs to fill,
A magic power through clouds and leaves and streams,
Mingling with glory all my gladness dreams;
The very breeze is murmuring, "stay! oh, stay!"
A chain winds round me with each morning ray.

How can I, poor reluctant trembler, part
From the loved ones of my yearning heart;
How turn my lingering, aching sight away
From the familiar glories of the day—
While summer's lightnings float so sweetly round,
And morning's echoes of guitars sound?

Even now, warm southern winds are faintly blowing
Through answering leaves and flowers of June's be-
sowing;
And death is in the world, and on his way,
Rushing like midnight in its haughty sway!
Unhappy, 'mongst all gentle living things,
O'erweeping all, with his vast shadowy wings!

And then my home! Thy dim and antique towers,
Must they no more, while glow deep's trumpet hours,
Bade me with woe's veil of scented boughs,
Through which the arrow beam its pathway ploughs;
Thy singing birds shall yet haunt each loved gloom,
While I am in the dark, now whispering tomb!

Even now their full victorious joy is swelling
Through the green leafy precincts of my dwelling
Their glimmering colors dance along the air,
Like rainbow fragments, quivering, restless there;
Far have ye journey'd, birds of summer's sky,
O'er waste and deep, bearing rich melody.

Far have ye journey'd! but my journey's long,
May not, like yours, with a happy joy be strewn;
To my green sodded earth, no hurrying back,
On the springs glorious and exulting track:
Alas! 'tis, therefore, with dejected eyes,
I mark the queenly morning dawn and rise.

Yet doth it haste towards cloudy, vapoury eve,
No brilliant record, no bright trace to leave
Of all it hath been! so to mournful end
My life will hasten, if soon be now withheld,
'Tis o'er the grass, the fading morning glow;
Triumphantly, though miserably—I go!

THE MAGNOLIA.

Hudson, Saturday December 14, 1832.

Hudson Forum.

At a meeting of the members of the Hudson Forum, held at the Clerk's Office on the evening of the third instant, the following officers were unanimously elected.

AMBROSE L. JORDAN, Esq. President.

J. D. MONELL, Esq.

KILLIAN MILLER, Esq.

CAMPBELL BUSHNELL, Esq.

MR. RUFUS REED,

MR. SAMUEL ANABLE,

OLIVER PERRY BALDWIN, Sec. & Treasurer.

The following question was selected for discussion.

"Are the principles of the American Colonization Society more deserving the support of the people of these United States, than those of the Anti-Slavery Society?"

Rev. JARED WATERBURY was elected to deliver the opening Address.

The next meeting will be held at the Court-House, on Wednesday evening, the 18th at half past 6 o'clock.

O. P. BALDWIN, Secretary.

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—Between three and four o'clock on Friday morning last the citizens were aroused by the cry of fire. It proved to be the buildings owned and occupied by Mr. Burchsted, Burchsted & Barnard, and Dr. Frary. The fire it is supposed commenced in the work room of the extensive hatters shop of Burchsted & Barnard, which was entirely consumed together with the dwelling house of Mr. Burchsted and the dwelling of Dr. Frary. By the most spirited exertions of the firemen, the flames were extinguished, and the dwelling house of Mr. G. Gardner saved with trifling damage. The amount of damage is estimated at about \$5,000. Burchsted & Barnard, we understand was insured on their buildings \$2,400, and Dr. Frary \$1,200 on his building, and \$800 on personal property.

We have to record the death of Mr. Alfred Taylor, one of the firemen attached to Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, who was killed in pulling down a lumber shed standing at the west end of Mr. Burchsted's dwelling house. Mr. Taylor was a fine, promising and industrious young man, highly esteemed by community. He has left a wife and infant child to deplore his loss. On Sunday afternoon the remains of Mr. Taylor were conveyed to the silent tomb, accompanied by the whole of the Fire Department, consisting of about 200 members; the members of Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, to which he was attached, officiating as bearers. In the evening a very impressive funeral discourse was delivered in the Universalist Church, by the Rev. Mr. Whitaker, which was attended by the relations and a large number of the fire department.

A subscription paper is put in circulation by the fire department for the purpose of obtaining money to be applied for the benefit of the widow and child of the deceased.

For the Magnolia.

The Effect of Knowledge upon Society.

Knowledge is power.—Lord Bacon.

The diffusion of Knowledge is the means by which the human race can arrive at the state for which our maker destined it. It is the only medium through which those shades can be dissipated which have so long enveloped mankind. This almost impenetrable barrier that has for ages presented its broad front to the world, can in no other way be razed from its foundations and demolished.

Ignorance from time immemorial has had its followers, and perhaps more loyal subjects were never seen. The iron sceptre has never yet been wrenched from its hand; but with the grasp of a lion it has clung to its prey till its yoke is borne with pleasure, and preferred to the tiara of the erudite, and the diadems of sages and philosophers. An extended sway is still in its possession—it continues to trample upon the necks of countless numbers; and how few there are that have extricated themselves, compared with the innumerable host over whom its relentless tyranny is exercised. Century after century has passed off the stage of action, enshrouded in the thick mists of superstition and idolatry—plunged in all the vices and profligacy imaginable—rolling in luxury and affluence—unrestrained by the laws of morality or religion.

With what a thrill of horror do we contemplate the scenes transacted under regal government in the time of an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Scipio, and others whose names have been transmitted to us. Cruelties and inhumanities that we should be inclined to disbelieve, were it not for the strict regard historians had for the truth, are depicted upon every page of history. The murdering of infants—the immolating of men upon altars dedicated to their gods—the torturing of prisoners, all tend to show us the almost extricable abyss of ignorance into which those who lived at that time were sunk. A cultivated mind would have raised them from their degraded condition, and restrained them in their ferocious acts; it would have taught them, instead of appeasing their gods by the slaughter of human beings, to appease their own consciences by acting justly and generously. Instead of paying adoration to images

which their own hands created, they would spurn polytheism as a debasing, grovelling religion, calculated only to rivet the chains of illiteracy stronger and stronger. It is true such visions greet not our eyes in this age—we do not behold the triumphal entry of the conqueror, with captive kings to grace his chariot—we do not witness the beastly feasts of the palestra and circus; but it is through the influence of learning that we have been led to consider them as belonging rather to irrational beings than man, and as ill comporting with the high dignity an intellectual being ought to assume.

By reverting to past ages, we are led more fully to appreciate our own advantages, and to realize the high and important station which we occupy. With what interest do we look back to the days when the pilgrim fathers, animated by the love of liberty crossed the trackless ocean, and moored their barks upon the wild New England shore, where they might enjoy the freedom of thought, unmolested by the petty jealousies which distracted the land they left. Then it was that the sun of liberty began to dawn upon this benighted continent, and spread its enlivening beams far and wide, and with its knowledge arose, as if, by the power of magic, from the long slumber of ages, to shed its benign influence over the community, and illumine the earth.

No proof can be advanced more conclusive, and that will serve to illustrate the principle laid down, that improvement in Society is only through knowledge, than that which our own country affords. Compare the present state of society in America with all its refinement and elegance to that which prevailed in the infancy of this great republic, and an astonishing difference will be perceived. "Old things have indeed passed away, and all things have become new;" and how shall we account for this wonderful change except we admit the fact, that cultivated minds are the grand and sole authors of these mighty changes. If some fifty years ago, our fathers had intimated that this country would one day stand upon the lofty eminence which she now occupies, it would have been considered as the idle whim of a distempered mind. So rapid, and so effectual has this revolution been brought about, that the man of three score years can hardly credit it. The mind, instead of being confined within the narrow circle which pristine ignorance described, has gone out into the boundless ocean of truth to search for new discoveries, and to return and publish them to the world—to raise the standard of

science and diffuse a lively interest through society.

But when we look upon the other side of this fair picture, we find not a little to discourage, and incline us to believe it is an impossible task, and more than in vain to attempt to bring the whole human race under instruction. How many there are that congratulate themselves upon the general diffusion of knowledge, while there are so many barren spots—so many fields that are yet uncultivated, and have not received any benefit from the light of science. How many are apt to flatter themselves that the work is done, and lie down inactive, when this noble enterprise is but just begun—when a few straggling rays of light have shot through the gloom that hangs over us, only to show us more clearly the situation we are in, and to lead us to labor with increased exertion and untiring zeal till every corner of the globe is enlightened, and supplied with the means of information.

Should this ever be the case, what a change would there be in the aspect of things—what a renovation would ensue. Political jargon and strife would be abolished; amity and friendship substituted in its place. No longer would political demagogues spread their infectious principles to corrupt the minds of a people unenslaved by ignorance, but genuine patriotism would urge them forward in a career of usefulness—the goal would be their country's welfare and prosperity; wars would no more devastate the land, and destroy its thousands of human beings; weapons of war would be converted into agricultural implements, and the minds of the whole human race turned to some higher, nobler object; the rancorous enmities now existing between nations would be done away, and the banner of peace hung out in every island in the ocean; every port would be thrown open to the ingress and egress of vessels; commercial ships would be unloading in all countries, and supplying them with the produce of their climes.

When that day shall be ushered in, then can it be truly said that we are an enlightened, intelligent people, and you might as well attempt to turn the earth from its course as to expect to effect it by any other means than the diffusion of knowledge. Government expenses would also decrease, as there would be no need of a standing army—no navy to protect us against the incursions of enemies, and to draw upon the public revenue for their support; and by that means our public coffers would always be full for internal improvement and social enjoyment.

But there is another object not inferior to any that have been mentioned, that would be promoted to a great extent, and in fine, the only object, (comparatively speaking) that is worthy to be sought for, and which is calculated to raise the human species to a state of superior excellence: that is, the religion of him who formed us rational and immortal beings. Let the knowledge of that blessed revelation to man be disseminated, and its requisitions be understood, and the church of Rome must totter from its base. The infernal inquisition and rack must be swept from the face of the earth; the hellish designs, deceptions, and practices of the officers must be exposed to the public eye, invested in their true form, which perhaps would be more appalling to the sight than we are aware of; for where ignorance is, there only can its doctrines flourish. Infidelity would be rooted out from its strong holds, and extirpated from the land as a capricious whim. Every unscriptural theory would vanish before the blazing light of truth, and all nations under the whole heavens bow down before the One Immutable and Eternal God. F. M.

For the Magnolia.

The Brother's Return.

Oh, thou art chang'd! in vain I seek to trace,
One lingering look, that thy sweet boyhood wore;
One playful smile that time will not efface,
From my fond memory's, treasure'd, sadden'd store.

And this—even this, hath dim'd with strange regret,
My precht joy, but oh! forgive my tears;
Thy sunny youth, my heart cannot forget,
And memory shrinks from the change of years.

And yet, full well I knew then couldst not be,
The same bright being of thy childhood's day,
Whose laughing eye and merry bursts of glee,
Wid'd the long hours of wintry eve away.

Thy cheek hath lost its youthful ruddy glow,
And o'er thy brow is written marks of thought;
And yet I would not weep could I but know,
That absence in thy heart no change hath wrought.

Convince me by thine eyes full tenderness,
Thy soul can feel no change, but loves me yet;
Then will my heart rise in sweet thankfulness,
And with it joy shall mingle no regret. C. D.

Married.

At the Friends Meeting House, in Chatham, on the 7th inst. Mr. Wesley Finch, to Miss Maria Coffin, daughter of the late Capt. Uriah Coffin, all of the above place.

Died.

At Athens, on Saturday last, Maria Benjamin, aged 53.

In Ghent, on the 24th inst. Wm. Demming in the 53d year of his age.

For the Magnolia.

The Consumptive.

Why do I linger? Bath not the autumnal flowers,
Which spread their fragrance through my lonely room,
All sunk beneath stern winter's chilling powers,
Nipt in their bright and blossoming perfume.

The vine clad hills, the late green country hills,
Hath changed their hue, their freshness now hath past;
No more the trees their ripened treasures yield,
While through their branches roars the wintry blast.

I feel no more the joyous hopes of youth,
No kindred hearts, no early friends are near,
They too, have pass'd away or lost their truth,
All! all, are changed, why do I linger here?

Sweet flowers of Autumn, why like you,
Did I not perish at the first rude breath,
Of a cold world? and thus while life was new,
Unconscious of its winter, slink to death? C. D.

For the Magnolia.

A TALE.

By Gustavus Adolphus Lovelace, Gent.

Without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won;
Oh! what were man? A world without a sun.

Campbell.

On the northern shore of the Thames, about seven miles from the metropolis, are to be seen the remains of a castle, once the property of one of England's haughtiest Lords. Sir Christopher Oswald happening to be of noble extraction, stood aloof from all the peers in the neighbourhood, maintaining a demi-court at the magnificent castle above mentioned. His only confidant and greatest friend was Arthur Dunlap, Esq. an elderly gentleman, but wealthy withal, residing in a beautiful chateau on the other side of the river; in fine, so strong was the friendship of these two old cronies, that each entered into a voluntary compact, by which Mr. Dunlap consented to bestow his infant and only daughter Rose, upon his (Sir Christopher's) infant and only son Henry, when each should become of proper age.

The young ones grew up, and received the first rudiments of education together; and such was their mutual affection, that there seemed to be no danger of their thwarting the wishes of the old ones.

Indeed nature seemed tired of having her own way, and yielded for once to the management of a couple of wise ones.

Rose Dunlap at sixteen, was the acknowledged belle of every party which she gladdened with her presence. Her father had taken great care of her education; and apart from her natural beauty, such was the happy

expression of her countenance, that she was truly one of those who draw forth admiration without effort, and never move but to please. To Henry, who had made a formal acknowledgement of his passion, her love was ardent and uncensuring. But he was soon to leave her: having finished his studies at home, he went to the University.

From this place she had frequent letters from him, though, by the by, expressly against the orders of the Reverend President, who held, that any communication with the sweeter part of the creation during term time, was a dereliction of duty; ill befitting a student of Cambridge.

For four years affairs went on swimmingly, at the end of which, Oswald miraculously came off with the first honors, nothing less than which would have satisfied the ambitious mind of the father. On his arrival at the castle the old man embraced him with true paternal affection, gave a holiday to all his servants, and a rich feast in the evening. Henry Oswald was accompanied on his return by a young Spaniard of a powerful family, who received the same welcome as the son, having been his chum at the University. Don Ricardo was a young man of superior education and accomplishments, but when thwarted, of a fiery and irritable temper which rarely failed of accomplishing its object. From the moment he saw Rose, he began to form schemes to possess her; but being informed of her destination for Oswald, his brow darkened, for he had sworn to be his friend; yet, thinking that "all was fair in love," he determined to accomplish his object. An occurrence which took place a few days after, gave him an opportunity better to prosecute his plans. Sir Christopher was called to France on business of importance, which, on account of his advanced age, he confided to Oswald as his representative, besides this, he thought a short journey would improve the boy's health after having been for four years immured within the walls of a college. He set sail therefore, and the field seemed to Ricardo to be left perfectly clear. He was received at Dunlap's with great cordiality, and determined to profit by this advantage to obtain the consent, if not of the daughter, of the father, which is the same thing to a Spaniard; but he soon despaired of success from this quarter, for the old man told him plainly that had disposed of his daughter irretrievably. Foiled in this part of the undertaking, he had recourse to every act of which he was master, to gain the affections of the fair one; but all

in vain. Neither did the nightly serenade, nor the open avowal of "how much he endured," furnish aught but amusement to Rose, who detested alike his arts and pretensions. Burning with rage, he departed to make use of means which should prove more effective. A few evenings afterwards, Rose was walking with a female friend in a little open park bordering on the Thames. The moon shone just as usual in clear nights, while nothing could be more refreshing than the hardly perceptible breeze which just rippled the calm surface of the river. All at once they heard the sound of a carriage which was approaching them at its utmost speed. It stopped when just against them, and a man leaping out, with the assistance of the footman, had forced Rose into it, and was out of sight before her companion had recovered from the first shock of terror. When she did so, she hastened to the house with all possible expedition. The family were very much alarmed at her narration, though of the man she could give no description, but was sure he was an outlaw, a kidnapper, a second Robin Hood, or somebody else; and could she have described him, the description springing from her distorted imagination, would doubtless have been like Fanelon's caricature of the Cyclops.

"Gens monstres qui devorent les hommes."

Be that as it may, mounted grooms were despatched in every direction to recover their young mistress, while the young lady was bled and put to bed, and prescribed a profound dose of camomile. But where was Rose all this time? On finding herself in the carriage with Ricardo, (for you all suspect it was he,) the first thing of course was to scream most violently, and the next to swoon away, which she did so effectually, that at the end of three leagues, she lay still senseless in the arms of the Don.

They now entered upon a mountainous tract and ascended a very high hill. The retarded motion of the carriage aroused our heroine from her swoon who began screaming murder on so high a key that the heart of the honest Welch postillion misgave him, and at the top of the hill he determined to proceed no further under such suspicious circumstances.

To the Don, who dreaded pursuit, every instant this was adding fuel to the fire. He first promised great rewards if he would proceed, then threatened; but finding that he was losing time, and that nothing would move

the integrity of the postillion, who resolutely declared "bur wiala do bur honor's bidding." He ordered his footman to pull him from his situation and supply his place himself, but the application of the leathern thong, from the brawny arm of the Welchman whenever he attempted to approach, set the valet to dancing minuets so effectually, that he had no time for anything else. The Don writhed on beholding these movements. "Coward," said he, "seize the reins and hold them fast, I will dislodge the varlet," at the same time leaping from the carriage, with cocked pistol in hand, he frightened the poor fellow from his seat, who at the sight of fire arms, jumped from his position and ran into the woods. Ricardo mounted the box and took possession of the lines, while our heroine lay motionless in the bottom of the coach, having by her screams frightened herself into another swoon. But now the valet confessing that he never drove a coach, the Don was forced to drive himself, and ordered the valet to close the coach door which he had forgotten to do in his hurry. But our heroine coming to herself about this time, and seeing the only door of hope about to be closed, sprang out in spite of the valet, at the same time screaming so violently, that the horses took fright, and ran down the mountain with all convenient haste, leaving the valet in a most pitiable condition, the coach wheel having passed over him and broken his thigh. But the ear of our heroine was not now open to the cry of distress for she left the poor fellow in the gutter, and ran towards home with so much speed, that she was soon exhausted, and was just ready to sink, when two of her father's grooms in pursuit, came up and conveyed her immediately home, where it was three days before she recovered so far as to give an account of her forced elopement. But to return to Ricardo. The horses became entirely unmanageable, and rushed down the steep, leaving fragments of the coach in their path, while the Don was thrown out and left senseless near the foot of the mountain.

When he recovered his senses, he found himself in a magnificent apartment, a beautiful girl was bathing his temples. He very soon recovered, and it was evident that his affection was transferred from Rose to his lovely Physician. He asked her name, and painted his surprise when she avowed herself the only sister of Oswald, then residing with her aunt. He wrote immediately to Oswald, informing him of all that had happened, and asked his consent to marry his sister, also wishing him

to return to England as soon as possible. He concluded thus, "I have not yet informed her of my sloopment with your intended care again, as I wish you to tell it with your usual eclat, on the nuptial night." Oswald soon returned, embraced his blushing bride and forgave his friend. The double marriage was celebrated with tokens of happiness, and the old castle resounded with festivity.

Pine Orchard, Dec. 1833.

Curing the Hysterics.

Most of us have witnessed more or less of the effects of that strange and inveterate disease, the hysterics, and many of us who are not physicians, have been called to see the odd freaks of those laboring under the influence of this unpleasant, though often laughable malady. Perhaps no disease in the whole catalogue is more stubborn and less willing to yield to a proper and judicious course of medication than this; and probably nothing in the whole routine of a physician's practice calls for the exercise of more patience than the addictions and eccentricities of a woman, particularly an old maid, afflicted with the hysterics. Perhaps also, a greater requisition was never made upon the patience of a physician, than was in a case which sometime since happened in a neighboring town. A maiden lady by the name of Sally Strickland, who some ten or fifteen years ago doubled upon thirty, without being hailed, and much less ordered to leave to, was attacked with the hysterics, and occasionally supposed herself dying. These fits almost invariably seized her in the night, and frequently at a late hour, or during a severe storm. But notwithstanding the hour of the night, or the inclemency of the weather, some one must immediately post off for the family physician, a humorous and facetious gentleman who lived some two or three miles from the residence of Miss Sally, as she was called by the juniors of her sex.

The physician, ever ready to obey the calls and to administer to the wants of suffering humanity, was, for several nights in succession, called out of his bed to visit Sally, who supposed herself to be dying. The kind-hearted Doctor prescribed for the body, and endeavored to quiet and sooth the mind of his patient. He assured her there was nothing alarming in her case; that he had attended numerous cases precisely like hers, and never failed of a cure, and that if she would give herself rest, by banishing the fear of death, and give him an opportunity to make some trifling repairs on her shattered constitution he would ensure her a complete and speedy recovery.

Though this mode of treatment would operate as an anodyne during his presence, yet the moment his back was turned, she would relapse into her former state, and before he had time to get home, another messenger would be after him, with the old story that Miss Sally Strickland was dying.

One cold stormy night the doctor had been called to see Miss Sally, and had succeeded

as usual in pacifying her fears, and left her enjoying a sound and refreshing sleep. He had hardly arrived at home, drenched through with the rain which was falling in torrents, and got into a warm and comfortable bed, when he was awakened by a loud rap at the door, and a voice without, begging him to get up in a moment, as one of his neighbors was dying and needed his assistance. Half asleep and half awake, he sprang from the bed, and ran to the door to enquire which of his neighbors was in so dangerous a situation. On opening the door he was surprised and chagrined to learn that the dying neighbor was Miss Sally Strickland—that after he had left her, an hour or two before, she was suddenly taken down again and had sent him to hasten his return, and to tell him that unless he came quick he would not see her alive. The messenger urged him to get ready as soon as possible, and in the meantime he would get his horse and saddle up and have them ready at the door. The doctor, worn out by repeated calls, and fatigued with his previous visit, hesitated—he finally decided on going, determined to make an end of the job by either killing or curing.

On his arrival he put on a gloomy and ghastly countenance, said but little, and that very solemnly, and in all respects appeared more like a stranger from another world, than the humorous and agreeable family physician. On entering the room of Sally she noticed the countenance of the doctor, and discovered that something was praying upon his spirits, as he did not appear with his wonted cheerfulness. She inquired of him the cause of his gloom and depression, and begged him to unbosom his mind fully and freely, as it would probably be the last opportunity he would have. He told her it would be improper under existing circumstances; that as the time of her dissolution was approaching it might terrify her and hasten the time of her departure. She entreated him to keep nothing from her, though it might relate to herself, for she was desirous of knowing the worst of her case, and was prepared to meet it, be it what it might. He still declined disclosing the cause of his melancholy, and insisted that her remaining strength was insufficient to sustain the shock which it must necessarily produce; and begged her to turn her thoughts to another and more appropriate subject. Though Sally supposed herself dying, yet she was unwilling to die without having her curiosity gratified, and she therefore the more strongly importuned the doctor to keep her no longer in suspense. After getting her curiosity and imagination on tip toe, he consented. He said, when the messenger came last for him he was in a sound sleep, and was dreaming that he was in the world of woe—that Beelzebub himself was conducting him to the various rooms of the prison of despair for the purpose of showing him their arrangements—that in passing the door of a room in which several young satans lodged, he saw them jumping and skipping about, making a great noise and apparently in high glee—that Beelzebub calling it, told them to go to bed and be quiet; that on not obeying his orders cheerfully and readily, he stamped tremendously on the floor and

added with true satanic emphasis, "go to bed I say, and get some sleep, for old Sal Strickland is coming to-morrow and there will be no more sleep here for a fortnight." Miss Sally sprung for the broom, but the doctor catching up his saddle-bags, escaped—but the cure was effected.—*New England Review.*

BUSINESS.—A gentleman in the country lately addressed a passionate *billet-doux* to a lady in the same town, adding this curious postscript—"Please to send a speedy answer, as I have somebody else in my eye."

To teach a knave, is to put a dagger into the hands of an assassin.

PARRHASIUS.

BY N. F. WILLIS.

Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olympic captives Philip of Macedon brought home to his country, was very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme tortures and torment, the better by his example to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was about to paint.—*Barton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvass. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the Lernaian fettering in his flesh.
And as the painter's mind felt through the dim
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with his reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip
Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
From my racked spirit, airy and swift,
And I could paint the boy
Upon the hemlock-beams—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in his picture here—
Quick—as he falls! stand with the curial spear!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So! let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray haired and strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could paint a dying groan!

"Fly" thee! so I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'll rack thee though I know
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand lives to a fame like mine?

"Hereafter?" Ay—hereafter!
A whip to keep a cown to his track!
What gave Death ever from his kingdom back
To check the sceptic's laughter?
Come from the grave to-morrow with that story,
And I may take some softer path to glory.

No, no, old man! we die
Even as the flowers and we shall breathe away
Our life upon the chance wind, even as they.
Strain will thy fainting eye—
For when that bloodshot quivering is o'er,
The light of heaven will never reach thee more.

Yet there's a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall scorn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of signs
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me—
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me!

Ay—though it bid me die
My heart's not faint for its locust-like throbs—
Though every life-string nerve be rattled first!
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child
And taunt its mother till her brain went wild—

All—I would do it all—
Sonder than die, like a dull worm, to rot—
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot—
Oh heavens—but I appal
Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lips
Let him not faint—rack him till he revives!

Vain—vain! give over, His eye
Stares space. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not dye
But for a moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

Shivering! hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another! wilt thou never come on death?
Look! how his temple sutters!
Is his heart still? Alas! lift up his head!
He thunders—gasps—Jove, help! So, he's dead!

How like a mounting devil in the heart
Rules the unrighted ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought,
And unthrones peace forever.

Agents for the Magnolia.

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Levi L. Hill, Kingston.
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